

PERSONAL

—Earl King was doing business at Thetis the first of the week.

—Judge F. E. Woods was in Salt Lake City Wednesday on professional business.

—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Gibson of St. Louis were visitors in Price Wednesday.

—Leland Wade has gone to Salt Lake City to run the car for Mrs. Arthur A. Sweet.

—Miss Helene Henner returned the first of the week from a visit to the two expositions in California.

—Mrs. Thomas Dumayne and children are visiting with friends and relatives at Salt Lake City this week.

—Miss Anna Wade and her little sister, Dorothy, are visiting Mrs. A. A. Sweet and other relatives at Salt Lake City.

—Mrs. Harry Gessa and two sons, James and Milton, are here this week from Salt Lake City, having motored through.

—C. A. Nevis of the Golden Rule store has gone to Hurons for a few days and will later leave for St. Louis to buy goods.

—Robert Brubaker was down from Black Hawk Sunday last and spent the day with friends here. The Sun will go to his home.

—Mr. and Mrs. William Parry will leave Price Sunday morning for a month's visit with friends and relatives at Yellowstone, Mont.

—Don C. Johnston of the Nine Mile country was here Tuesday. Crop conditions out his way are as good as the average, while live stock on the range are doing well.

—George J. Dunn, "owner" of the Redford branch of the Denver and Rio Grande, was a witness in district court at Price this week, returning home last Monday evening.

—Mr. and Mrs. William H. Pace and family of Price have gone to Panguitch Lake where they are fishing and visiting relatives. They are traveling by automobile.

—A. Crawford, independent adjuster, is here today, having come in from Myton, where he has been the past week adjusting the fire loss which occurred there last week.

—Joseph Feltzer, local manager for the Kentucky Liqueur House, is on a ten days vacation at Salt Lake City. Harry Gessa, the proprietor, is looking after the business in the absence of Manager Feltzer.

—Dr. and Mrs. E. T. Thome came down from Salt Lake City this week and Mrs. Thome is to make her home here. They were accompanied by Mr. E. T. Thome of Salt Lake City, a brother of Dr. P. B. Thome.

—C. H. Funk, agent for the Denver and Rio Grande at Sunnyside, was in Price last Monday as a witness in district court. Sunnyside is working pretty steady at this time with a payroll of about seventy thousand dollars a month.

—Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Anderson and H. C. Miller left Thursday for a trip to Salt Lake City and Benet county points. The trip was made in Alma Anderson's car. Some work will be done in the Benet temple before their return.—Castle Dale Program, 24th.

—Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Jones of Sunnyside with their family of little babies were in Price Tuesday, and to be a "good fellow" Papa Johnnie took all of the folks to a local picture show. Mr. Jones was recently hurt by an unaccountable accident, but is feeling fine and dandy.

—Mr. and Mrs. Ed Rowley and Miss Stella Johnson of Huntington, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Davis of Black Hawk and Eph Davis of Salt Lake City and Lester Christensen of St. George, and Mrs. Rose Rasmussen and children of Helger are visiting in Cleveland.—Castle Dale Program, 24th.

—L. E. Woods, R. G. Frandsen, A. E. Horsley and A. M. Evans, all of Price, who have been fishing in the Lake Fork country for a week, spent several days in Vernal this week. They left for Price in a wagon several days ago.—Vernal Express, 25th.

—George Wilson, geologist for the United States Smelting and Refining company, arrived from Salt Lake City the last of the week and made a trip to the David Taylor uranium claims on Park Creek, which he examined for the purpose of making a report on them.—Moab Times, 25th.

—H. Sorenson, one of the old time conductors of the Denver and Rio Grande, was in Price during the week as a witness in district court in the case of the burning of the Denver and Rio Grande depot at Redford. The Sun is to keep him posted on Carbon county matters, going to his home at Zion.

—Mark Hopkins, who is the Utah representative of Thomas F. Keely of Chicago, was in Price Saturday last from Horse Canyon, where his principal is to spend some five millions of dollars on coking coal development. From here he went to Ophir to look after some metal mining interests at that camp.

—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Howard and children came down from Black Hawk last Sunday and began fixing up their home in this city the first of the week for housekeeping. Mr. Howard, as inspector of mines for the United States Fuel company, finds that a home at Price is more convenient for him in his work than a residence at Black Hawk.

—A. D. Keller of Manti is a guest at the home of his brother-in-law, Edmund Crawford, and wife. Crawford has been anxious to get out of the bank for some time and Keller may take his place as cashier, while our friend Crawford devotes himself more to his cows, of which he is getting quite a bunch about him.—Castle Dale Program, 24th.

—Ernest Hall, promoter of many good things in the way of lands in Price Silver Valley, is in Price this week, coming down from his home at Zion. He is soon to open an office, he says, at Hite, Mont. There are thirteen thousand men in Hite at this time working for good wages and he anticipates inducing some of them to come to Eastern Utah.

—John R. Hullo, stenographer of the state supreme court, was a Monday visitor in Price. While here he met many friends locally and from other portions of the state. He considers Price about one of the best cities anywhere, being surprised at the amount of building going on here when other cities and the country generally are complaining of hard times.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Priest, who have been in Price for some time, left yesterday for Denver, Colo., their home. Mr. Priest is the man mainly interested in the gypsum deposits near Cleveland in Emery county, and after getting to the Colorado capital may have to go on to Canada to settle an estate that his barrister advises him amounts to around three hundred thousand dollars.

—L. Sander, Jr., who has been in the city for several weeks, announces that the great chain of Golden Rule stores will shortly open up a Golden Rule store in this city in the building west of the Eagle Hotel. Sander will be the manager. The same line of goods that is carried in all the Golden Rule establishments and they expect to do a flourishing business.—Vernal Express, 25th.

—Dr. and Mrs. A. Christian Sorenson left Price last Friday for Washington, D. C., where they are to make their home temporarily at least. Dr. Sorenson is figuring to enter the navy or army as a surgeon and leaves in Eastern Utah many good friends who will wish him well wherever he may cast his lot. While here he was surgeon for the Denver and Rio Grande railroad and was well thought of by those above him and by his associates in the same line of work for the company. As a practitioner he ranked with the best horseabouts and did much work professionally for which he never received as much as a copper cent. Dr. E. P. Chamberlain succeeds Dr. Sorenson as resident physician for the railroad company.

—Traveling Man's Experience. "In the summer of 1889 I had a very severe attack of cholera morbus. Two physicians worked over me from 4 a. m. to 6 p. m. without giving me any relief and then told me they did not expect me to live; that I had best telegraph for my family. Instead of doing so, I gave the hotel porter fifty cents and told him to buy me a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and take no substitute. I took a double dose according to the directions and went to sleep after the second dose. At 5 o'clock the next morning I was called by my order and took a train for my next stopping point, a well man but feeling rather shaky from the severity of the attack," writes H. W. Ireland, Louisville, Ky. Obtainable everywhere.—Advt.

Judge Hoke of Sandy Bend

By M. QUAD

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When the court at Sandy Bend had been opened in due and legal form Judge Hoke assumed what he considered a proper judicial dignity and said:

"This is a case such as we have never had before us, but we think we can straighten out the kinks and do justice to all. Three days ago that red headed critter over there, who calls himself Tom Jones, come bumpin' down the trail from Big Bend to ax if there was any law in this kentry and to holler for justice. He had a wife up there at Big Bend. He went home one evening to find that she had skipped with another man. The name of that man was Abe Skinner, and that's him over there with the broken nose."

"What generally happens out yere in this land o' gold and hard times when our wife runs away? If we ain't mighty glad of it, which we mostly be, we git on to her tracks and foller 'em till we overtake her. If she's alone we take her by the ear and lead her back. If she's with a critter we pop him over. That ain't no law in the case, but the custom is pretty well known. The man who steals another man's wife expects to be popped by the injured husband, and he likewise expects to pop that same injured husband if he gets the chance."

"Tom Jones didn't pursue. That was the broad trail before him, and he had guns and knives and a hoss, but he hadn't the sand. He jest comes a bumpin' down yere to holler for the law and shriek for justice and to git all men, includin' this court, down on him for his doggoneness. His wife, who ax' that female over there with a mouth as big as a barn, had gone off with Abe Skinner as afore said and had him headed for this very camp. As they flies from Big Bend they meets up with Jim Hope, who's the case over there with the same leg and one eye gone. Jim he stops 'em and ax:

"Abe Skinner, what you got there?"

"A female."

"Who is she?"

"Tom Jones' wife."

"And what you a-doin' with her?"

"A-runnin' away to Sandy Bend."

"Then you needn't go no further. I've been waitin' a wife for the last six months, and I reckon I'll take her off your hands."

"Well," continued his honor, "Jim Hope be had his gun plump on Abe Skinner and his finger on the trigger, and Abe had to give in. This yere court can't farn that the woman objected to the change. On the contrary, that is evidence that she didn't keer a continental, as Jim Hope is a better lookin' critter than Abe Skinner. The couple heads this way by the trail, while Abe Skinner takes a short cut and arrives fastly and comes to me to yell for justice. That's two fellers yellin' for justice and a third one with the woman. The woman gits yere in due time, along with Jim Hope, and over by the creek they meets Joe Scott, who stops to say:

"Jim Hope, I was jest goin' out to hunt for one."

"What you mean?"

"I want a female woman for a wife, and you git down and skip."

"There was a gun on Jim, and he had to give the woman up. This court can't farn that she shed a tear or did any kinkin', but Jim he comes whoopin' down to me and wants law and justice and all that. That makes three of 'em a-wantin', and so I tells the constable to arrest Joe and the woman. Yere's four men and one woman, and the law 'pears to be pretty badly tangled up. Fastly, Tom Jones, is this woman your wife?"

"Bartin she is," answered Tom.

"Her you got the dockyments to prove it?"

"No, but I married her in the Injun Territory a 'yar ago."

"Well, this court has nothin' to do with the Injun Territory, and that marriage won't stand yere unless the woman wants it to. Mrs. Jones, as I will call you, what made ye run away from Tom?"

"Got tired of him," replied the woman.

"Do you prefer Jim Hope or Joe Scott?"

"I ain't pertickler."

"That makes the case easier. Hank Williams, stand up."

Hank stood up and proved to be a middle aged man of decent appearance.

"Hank, d'ye want a wife?" asked the court.

"I dew," was the reply.

"Then I'll marry ye to this woman."

"Hank Williams, will ye take this de-luded woman to be yer lawful wife?"

"You bet!"

"And will ye cherish and defend her and keep all the other critters off?"

"I will."

"Mrs. Jones, ye hear what the critter ax. Ye may be married, and ye may not be, but this court ain't a-goin' to run any chances of any future rows and killin's. Will ye take Hank for better or worse?"

"Reckon so."

"And will do yer best?"

"Yee."

"Then Jim hands, I pronounce ye man and wife, and durn say hide, which ax' the hide of this court. I'll turn out and help hunt down any human critter as tries to come between you and Hank! I now consider that justice has been done to all hands and all around, and it only remains for the happy bridegroom to head the procession to my session and treat all hands over the happy event, and that won't be no fit feelin', and nuthin' to find fault with."

The Result of a Caprice

By LOUISE B. CLIMMINGS

"Auntie, why were you never married? I have heard that in your youth you were a great belle."

"My dear," replied the old lady, "why I was not married is a painful story to me. It has been constantly with me ever since I was nineteen years old, but I have never talked about it. There is a lesson in it for young girls like you, and on that account I will tell it to you."

Then the old lady told me the following story:

You know that I was born and raised in the south on one of those plantations that represented typical high life there before the war destroyed the institution which was its foundation. I came of age shortly before the struggle opened. I suppose it is true that I was a belle. Would that I had not been such, for the attention I received turned my head and caused what embittered my life.

Among my suitors were Alfred Beale and Edgar Turnley. Turnley was my favorite—indeed, I was very much in love with him—but I wished to be driven for and alternately encouraged him and his rival, Alfred Beale. One day I was sitting in the drawing room of the plantation house with Edgar. My back as well as his was toward the door opening into the great hall, while my face was toward a large mirror resting on the mantel over the fireplace. I caught a glimpse of the reflection of Alfred Beale in the hall.

He saw both Edgar and me sitting together. He paused and looked at us, making no sound to indicate to us that he was there. Indeed, he was eavesdropping, but I thought little of that. I was wrapt to the idea of being an object of strife between two young men and was tempted to see what would happen between them should I purposely increase their antagonisms.

I had been expecting a proposal from Edgar and now gave him every encouragement. He was placing an arm around my waist and his face was near mine when I gave a little shriek and drew away from him, assuming to be indignant. Beale stepped into the room and, glaring at Edgar, upbraided him. Edgar looked an appeal to me to expel him.

It is impossible to give reasons for the freaks that enter the heads of young persons, especially young girls, in the matter of coquetry. Instead of taking the blame of Edgar's act upon myself, I walked out of the room, leaving my admirers to settle the controversy in their own way. I had no sooner left them than it occurred to me that I had acted abominably. If I had gone directly back and confessed the situation might have been saved. I was about to do so when I remembered that such an acknowledgment would bring down upon me the contempt of both men—that is, if it were believed, which I doubted.

While I was deliberating I heard both men go out of the house. I started to call them back, but hesitated, and before I had made up my mind what to do they were out of hearing.

I wondered what would come to pass between them. It did not occur to me that they would fight a duel. Duelling by this time had largely died out in the south, and I was too young to have heard much of an obsolete custom. What chiefly concerned me was that I had so deeply wronged the man I loved. I was not only suffering from consciousness of having done him an injustice, but was pained stricken lest he should never forgive me.

The affair began in the afternoon, and from then until bedtime I was in a state of dread, not that anything serious might occur between the rivals, but that I had lost my lover. In the middle of the night my father came into my room and asked me for an explanation of what had happened, for he had heard of it. Instead of telling him the truth, I left him with the impression that Edgar had transcended his rights and Alfred had resented his act. I asked father what had come of it, and he replied that I would learn the result in the morning; then he left me.

This was the first intimation I had of anything serious between the two men. Suddenly it flashed upon me that they would fight. I trembled. I lay turning the matter over in my mind, which was like a boiling caldron. With the first light of dawn I arose, dressed myself, stole down the great staircase and out on to the veranda. Looking out from behind a vine, I saw Edgar and two other young men riding by the plantation. Going to the barn, I saddled my horse, mounted and followed them.

I cannot dwell on the rest. It is too painful. I was some time in finding where they had gone. When I reached them in a v had fought a duel with pistols, and Alfred Beale was lying on the ground, while a surgeon was bending over him. I hurried to him to see if he were dead and was assured that his wound would not be fatal. I turned to Edgar. He gave me a look that has haunted me ever since. I saw in it that I had lost him forever.

You have heard my story. May it be a lesson to you that love is not a game for passing the time that young persons regard it. Love is a serious matter and should be treated seriously. Better the European method of matches made by parents than the follies committed by some young men and women when left to their own caprices.

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FRED E. WOODS, JR., IS HOME from the University of Utah and is prepared to give lessons on piano and cornet. Students desiring instruction will call and make arrangements at No. 2 Olson Plaza, Price, Utah.

PERSONS DESIRING TO RENT a public hall will please call at Joe H. Roberts' drug store, Price, Utah.

OLD NEWSPAPERS FOR SALE AT The Sun office: 25c per hundred.

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